



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Hodgson · Lydia Ann Barclay · 1855

C
8341
809.25



C 8341.877.25

**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



**THE GIFT OF
HAVERFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
HAVERFORD, PENNSYLVANIA**

C. A. S.
o

A

SHORT MEMOIR

OF

LYDIA ANN BARCLAY.

BY

WILLIAM HODGSON, JR.

PHILADELPHIA:

KITE & WALTON, PRINTERS,
RANSTEAD PLACE.

1855.

C 8341. 899.25

✓

RELIGIOUS LIBRARY
GIFT OF
BAPTIST COLLEGE LIBRARY
JUL 13 1937

Soon after hearing of the decease of this dear handmaid of the Lord, the writer of the present memoir was induced to believe it would be right for him to testify to the grace of God in and upon her, and to the uprightness of her walk in accordance with the measure thereof received. The lapse of a few months has by no means lessened the obligation; but has enabled him to avail himself of additional information, kindly and unexpectedly furnished by a friend in England, who witnessed the sweetness of that divine covering which was spread over her departing spirit.

PHILADELPHIA, 5th mo., 29th, 1855.

E

A SHORT MEMOIR
or
LYDIA ANN BARCLAY.

LYDIA ANN BARCLAY was born at Clapham, in the county of Surrey, England, on the twenty-fifth of the Tenth month, 1799. Her parents were Robert and Ann Barclay, the former being directly descended from our ancient friend, Robert Barclay, the author of the "Apology for the true Christian Divinity." Her mother died during Lydia's childhood.

Respecting this period of her life, but little is left on record; but she appears to have been early favoured with the merciful visitations of heavenly love, by which her heart was tendered, and she was gradually strengthened to yield obedience to the manifestations of the Light of Christ in her soul; so that as she grew to womanhood, knowing her will measurably subjected thereto, she experienced a deepening in the root of life, and was enabled to bring forth fruit to the praise of the great Husbandman.

The following extract from one of her letters, written at a later period, gives a retrospective view of the leadings of truth upon her youthful mind, and is probably as clear an account of her younger days as can now be met with:

"My dear friend, thou queried' of me yesterday, how the work of religion was begun in my heart; to which I believe I gave thee no satisfactory answer. I feel afraid of expressing much on such subjects, or of 'judging my own self'; but now fearing lest my silence should have done harm, I feel at liberty to tell thee, I trust, under a

humbling sense of the tender mercy of my Heavenly Father. Ah! his compassionate regard was to me when but a child, visiting me by his love, making me sensible of the depravity of my evil heart, of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, of my great need of a Saviour, and of his cleansing, sanctifying power. And this, my dear friend, was not through the instrumentality of any outward means, but mostly during the time of my being [confined on a couch], and in my secret retirings to wait upon Him.

“We were brought up to the use of prayers, morning and evening; and very often went with our governess, who was of the ‘established church,’ to her place of worship. This I became uneasy with, when about fifteen; and showing a dislike to it, she never pressed it again. Places of public amusement, and dancing, were also given up about the same time, and music soon after. Oh! how tenderly have I been dealt with! I can never sufficiently remember it. He has led me gently along, showing me by degrees, first, what he would have me avoid and forsake, and then, what he would have me to do and pursue. But how many times have I revolted and turned away from his offers, disobeyed his commands, grieved his Holy Spirit! I desire to be continually humbled under a sense of these things, and animated to renewed dedication of heart to Him, who has loved me and given himself for me, waiting for the fresh discoveries of his blessed will.”

Dwelling under the operation of the grace of God, and the tendering baptisms of the Holy Spirit, notwithstanding the contrary influence of the associations by which she was surrounded, she was led into great simplicity in her appearance and mode of life. The present writer has often been refreshed and animated by the remembrance of her bright example in these respects, when she was about twenty-five years of age. She was thus, as it were, a silent testimony-bearer, in the midst of the luxury and pride of London, to the purity and cross-bearing charac-

ter of the religion which she professed; the conviction of which had, nearly one hundred and seventy years before, been designated by her worthy ancestor, David Barclay, of Ury, as the "perfect discovery of the day-spring from on high," upon his own soul and others of his family. But her divine Master gradually opened to her understanding, that he had a further work for her to be engaged in, among his flock and family. In allusion to a prospect of this kind, and that it would be required of her to speak in the name of the Lord, and make mention of his wondrous works, she wrote, on the fifteenth of First month, 1827:—"O Lord, my God! if in the riches of thy mercy and condescending goodness to a poor worm, thou see meet to require of me to speak of thee to others—to 'speak of the glorious honour of thy Majesty, and tell of thy wondrous works,'—thy will be done! Behold the handmaid of my Lord; do what thou wilt with me; only make me thy dear child, thy faithful servant: be thou my strength; let it be in thy power and authority, and to the utter abasement and deep humiliation of the creature; that so all power and glory may be ascribed unto thee, to whom it is ever due! Amen!"

The baptisms necessary to prepare her for this awful service, appear to have been of considerable duration, owing perhaps, in part, to the reluctance of her timid nature. On the first of Tenth month, 1830, she wrote as follows:—"And now, O Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee, and in thy tender condescension to thy poor, unworthy, disobedient creature; that thou wilt yet revive thy work, as in the midst of the years, and in the midst of the years make known thy power, and the calls of thy love. And oh! when it shall be, let the mountains flow down at thy presence, and cause the hills of opposition to melt like wax before thee; bring all within me into pure resignation, into holy obedience: then open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise; then

speak thou the word, and I will publish it in thy might. And, O Lord, I beseech thee, bring me into deep humility and nothingness of soul, and keep me there forever!"

She appears to have first come forth in the ministry in the year 1831; in allusion to which, she wrote as follows, on the seventeenth of the Second month of that year:—
"And now it seems well for me to acknowledge, (I trust under a deep sense of the condescending goodness of my dear Lord and Master, and of my own utter unworthiness,) that having often felt uneasiness in not having yielded to a secret desire that has seemed to attend me these several years, to go and sit with Epping Friends in their meeting, I ventured to go there yesterday fortnight, in fear for the body—it being a deep snow, and severely cold—and in mental fear also, least it should be presumptuous and wrong. But oh! what a favour! it pleased Divine Goodness again, as it were, to overshadow me with his love, and to require obedience in the expression of a few words. After fearing and hesitating, and at last trembling, till near the close of the meeting, I was enabled to stand up. How unworthy am I to make mention of His name! What great condescension and mercy, thus to make a way where I can see no way—to take away fear, to remove doubt, and to give strength!—and not only so, but afterwards to favour with a peaceful quiet! And now, what can I render for all His mercies? The answer seems: All thou requirest—my whole heart, O Lord! But oh! may he enable me, and undertake for me, for I am indeed weak and feeble; and may he purify and prepare me for himself to dwell in! And now, whenever and wherever such another sacrifice may again be required of me, may he make me more and more his simple, his obedient child! And seeing I am such a poor, weak, ignorant child, may he take me by the hand, and show me how to go, and all the snares and dangers that surround, enabling me to take right steps. And when I

slip, or miss my way, may he tell me, and reprove and chasten me, humbling me as his tender love and wisdom sees meet. And oh ! saith my soul, may he ever keep me low in his pure fear—that all praise and glory may ever be ascribed to Him, to whom it is eternally due!"

She was acknowledged as a minister near the close of the year 1835, being then resident at Croydon, near London. It has been testified, in regard to her offerings in the ministry, that "though sometimes in few words, they were weighty and powerful, striking at the root of the evil nature in those who heard her, and directing to a close waiting upon, and obedience unto the Divine Teacher manifested in the heart, whom she declared to be none other than the Spirit of Christ, the Saviour." Several times, during the course of her pilgrimage, she changed the place of her abode, under a sense of religious duty ; and was engaged, at times, in travelling in the service of the gospel, in many parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. She resided nearly eight years at Ryegate, in the county of Surrey ; but in 1847, she believed it was required of her to remove from the south of England, and to settle for a time at Aberdeen, in Scotland. Here, likewise, she lived about the same space of time, and was finally led to believe that she had once more to realize the experience, that there she had "no continuing city," and to return into England. Accordingly she settled at Cocker-mouth, in Cumberland, as the place where she had seen, while in Scotland, that she would be likely to finish her earthly career. Whilst at Aberdeen, as in other places of her abode, she was diligently occupied for the welfare of her fellow-creatures, adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour, by a circumspect walk in his holy fear, and by a bright example of dedication and holy zeal in his cause. She endeavoured faithfully to labour, according to the gift received, for the arousing of the lukewarm, and the strengthening of the sincere in heart ; and it was her

delight to make use of her outward means in works of true benevolence, and in spreading among the people, by means of sound, religious books and tracts, an acquaintance with the ancient principles of Truth, as always professed by Friends. Like her brother, John Barclay, with whom in spirit, and in zeal for the unchangeable truth, she was sweetly united, she was earnestly concerned for the distribution of the writings of our early Friends, and of some in more modern times who spoke the same language as those primitive worthies. She published, some years since, a brief memoir and letters of Lydia Lancaster, one of her ancestors, whose name she shared; and afterwards a new and much improved edition of the Memoirs and Letters of Richard Shackleton; a Life of John Conran; and a Selection of the Writings of Patrick Livingstone.

But that which, perhaps, in these degenerate days, distinguished her more than any thing else, and to omit which in any account of her character, would be doing much injustice to her memory, was the clearness with which she saw, in the light of Truth, the danger of the modern innovations upon our ancient faith, and the faithfulness with which she withheld, according to the ability received, the encroachments secretly, or more or less manifestly made, during the past thirty years, within our borders, by that spirit which would lead us back again into Egypt, whence our forefathers were brought out by a strong hand and a stretched-out arm, to proclaim the freedom, the purity, the spirituality, and the heart-cleansing efficacy of the gospel dispensation. Her spirit was often deeply afflicted in a consideration of the airy and unsound writings afloat in the Society, and the sad effects thereof in promoting a system of religion more agreeable to the inclinations of the uncrucified will and wisdom of man, and an outward, self-active, and wordy ministry in accordance therewith; and she not only felt bound to

maintain an unequivocal testimony against this system, but also to caution against any connivance or compromise with it, either through the fear of man, or under the specious plea of charity and forbearance. On the other hand, the encouragement which in gospel love she extended to faithful standard-bearers for the truth and against error, was often a means of animating them to continued faithfulness in their trying allotments, while suffering "evil report" from those whose hearts were lifted up to despise and oppose them and their testimony, or coldness and standing-off on the part of others, from a morbid fear of what might seem to the natural eye to be the consequences of openly espousing their cause. She knew well that numbers were not the criterion of right or wrong; and the language of her sympathising spirit at times was, "Fear not, little flock, it is your heavenly Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

The following extracts from some of her letters, to a friend in Philadelphia, may be read with interest, and will answer to the witness for truth in the candid mind.

"Aberdeen, 11th mo., 1849.

— "IT was a true saying of my dear friend —, in a letter to a Friend here, soon after he left this land, that our 'greatest trials would be from those who, *tacking ship about*, would sail in the line of Quakerism!' Ah! never were the devices of the enemy more deceptive, his snares more alluring, than now! When was there more need of the true discernment, and the deep feeling? But the mysterious depths of Satan, as well as the mysteries of godliness and the wisdom of the heavenly kingdom, will be revealed (now as ever) to the simple babes; and the meek and humble will the Lord guide in true judgment, and strengthen with heavenly might, to testify for his

blessed name and truth. And will he not 'deliver the feet of these from falling, that they may walk before him in the light of the living,' even to the end of their little time here?"

— "This feeling of love and unity in spirit, seems to knock down all barriers of want of outward intercourse, and draws the very distant near together, even in him who is the Life and the Lamb of the redeeming and redeemed ones!—of which number I desire to be, though through great tribulation."

"Aberdeen, 30th of 1st mo., 1850.

— "FOR what are we but poor worms of the dust? And what is family name or pedigree? How little will it avail, to be descended from, or related to, the truly great and good, while we are out of subjection to, or despising that power whereby they were made what they were, faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, and valiant for his precious cause on earth! Surely the more will be our condemnation, if, while we have their example and their writings, as it were, before our eyes, and their blessed end also, we should not be walking in their footsteps, nor manifesting forth the same life that lived, and moved, and acted in them, and preserved them to the good end that crowns all!"

— "And as to spiritual discernment, alas! how it seems to be fled from us here! and how greatly needed! I often remember a remark of one of our ancient worthies on it (who *even then* mourned the decay of it), signifying that it was far more prevalent at the beginning of our Society, when there was so much of a deep silence and inward gathering amongst us. Oh! how deficient are we in this, now; so much chattiness, facetiousness, or fasci-

nating conversation and manners amongst us—little of inward retirement, or of *true* weightiness of spirit!

The burden-bearers here are much grieved by"—
"thus, by departing from the pure Light and Life Divine, and leaning to their own understanding or affection, bringing great hurt to the ministry, and stumbling to many, who are hereby led to doubt the divine inspiration. Oh! we are as 'killed all the day long'; but there is One who can heal and raise us up, and His truth remains the same, as all-sufficient as ever, though all men by disobedience [may] forsake it! But these are instances of want of discerning, both in the speakers, and in those who appointed that elder, or who did not feel his erring spirit."—

"I have scribbled very freely to thee, and must now draw to a conclusion. I shall visit you, mentally, at your yearly meeting time. Oh! that Truth may break through all the devices of the enemy to deceive and to deter from true judgment and a right zeal, and yet clothe with the meekness and humility of the *true* wisdom!"

"Aberdeen, 5th of 3d mo., 1850.

"**MY DEAR FRIEND:**—

—"I shall doubtless think of you at your yearly meeting; and, oh! that you may be helped by the presence and power of the Great Head of the church; and then he will keep down the creaturely will and wisdom, fear and love, and will guide by his pure wisdom, strengthen by his mighty power, preserve in his holy fear, and animate by his heavenly love. And herein will his blessed cause alone be promoted, and his great name honoured and glorified, who is worthy for ever!"

"Aberdeen, 6th mo., 20th, 1850.

—“I HAVE seen the account of your late yearly meeting, both the public and private one; and oh! the deep mourning, the piercing wound it occasioned me, affecting me day and night! I feel with thee about it, and think I can see all through it; how it was that ‘the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away,’ (though under so plausible and good-looking a pretext) whereas it had been anointed, and the sword, too, for the Lord’s holy warfare against the enemies of Truth!”—

“I have not much space left, but would acknowledge, in humble gratitude (I trust), that I was mercifully helped in what seemed called for at my hands, in Dorset and Hants; and though deep baptisms and sore exercises were my portion, yet the little, still flowings of heavenly peace from time to time melted me again and again into renewed resignation and praise, and supported me in low times. I found some very small, stripped, and weak meetings; but also met with a few solitary, tribulated ones, to my comfort; and we thanked God, and took a little fresh courage, desiring to love him more, and serve him better still! I was favoured to return home last week, after three months’ hard travelling and close visiting, including the toils and exercises of the yearly meeting, in London; my poor, weak body much worn down, but am beginning to recruit. Oh! that I may have been preserved from doing the least hurt to the precious cause—that the gain and praise of all may be ascribed where alone due—and all flesh be abased before Him for evermore! And now, dear friend, I must say farewell, and that in dear love to you both, and tender sympathy under your tribulations. But let us remember, ‘the Word of God is not bound,’ and ‘the Lord knoweth them that are his.’ May he guide, support, comfort, and preserve to the end that

crowns all, and is peace, is the desire of thy affectionate friend,

“LYDIA A. BARCLAY.”

“Aberdeen, 9th mo., 16th, 1850.

—“So I sit down to salute thee, and to inform thee that through mercy divine I am still in the land of the living (bodily), and am favoured with earnest desires to be preserved so also in a spiritual sense; ‘though cast down, yet not forsaken; though sorrowful’—inasmuch as ‘abroad the sword bereaveth,’ (the world and its spirit slaying thousands, as it were!) and ‘at home there is as death,’ (the snares of death, either by lukewarmness and formality, or by doctrinal delusion and deceit,)—yet at times permitted to ‘rejoice,’ in a humble trust in the Lord’s almighty power and tender goodness, and in a belief and ‘hope of the glory of God,’ even through all the turnings and overturnings likely to be amongst this high professing yet backsliding people. For the blessed truth shall stand and prevail over all for ever; and the Lamb and his followers shall have the victory!”

[Speaking of some valuable friends, with whom she had mingled during her youth:—]—“Those who were left (except dear A. J. and S. G.), got into the *worldly facetious* manners and familiarity with the youth; and others lost that close inward dwelling and watchfulness, and consequently lost that true weightiness of spirit, and gathering, strengthening influence, whilst there was more of a sort of *apparent* sweetness and loveableness, that *looked gathering*, but which, I have often felt, was gathering the *affections* of the people to the *instrument* and *creature*, instead of to the Creator, and great Giver of all good—a state that I have ever dreaded to be found in!”—“But, dear friend, whilst I write of

these things, I often fear and dread, lest I should imperceptibly get to 'follow the multitude to do evil.' Oh! that our eye and our cry may be wholly and mightily unto the Lord, that he may preserve us to the end of our time!"

"Aberdeen, 4th mo., 24th, 1851.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—

"My mind is much with you this week of your annual assembly—a season, I doubt not, of deep exercise, and of much suffering to many among you. May you be favoured with heavenly light and wisdom, heavenly courage and power, both to see what will make for the precious cause of Truth, and what will go against it, as well as faithfully to testify against the one and for the other, fearing no man, nor yet consequences. And may you also be supported throughout, under what is permitted to try and oppress you, and peacefully comforted in doing what you can to serve your dear Master!"—

"As for me, I think I have never been so low in mind and body (or not often), as this last winter. The nervous system has been so weakened; and as to ministry, if I ever had a little gift, it seemed almost gone, so shut up! But He who knows just how far to turn his hand upon his poor creatures for their good, was pleased to say, it is enough, to the proud waves, and to revive me in the last month, by means of a little change for a few weeks."

—"Taking a First-day at a place in the way, both out and back, where there are four who sit down in a parlour for worship, I was again raised up, to my humbling wonder how the very dry stick was made to bud and blossom! And I have been graciously favoured to continue to mend; so that I am now encouraged to attend our yearly meeting in London, as much as my weak state and divine help will permit."—"Oh! how my heart longs

that whilst that which is good may have been strengthened, the evil or weakness may be hindered from increasing,—yea, that it may by degrees, even by inward or immediate help, be brought out from and cast off! In looking over our yearly meeting, it appears to me there are but a mere handful, who are really [firm] for our ancient principles, and clear of this weakening expediency. I often fear I am not wholly clear myself (being naturally of a timid make), though I do earnestly strive against it."—“I see no prospect of help, until we further and further degenerate, and become one with others; and then, perhaps, a remnant may be gathered again out from them!”—

“Things are hastening onward towards this crisis, showing themselves in departure from simplicity, deadness of ministry (though exact and plausible in words), inconsistency in trade, in morals, and in adopting worldly practices, such as the grave-stones, no disownment for marrying contrary to rules, &c., &c.—which things are increasing upon us!”—“But through all shakings and close trials, it remains a truth, ‘thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.’ Oh, then, let us ‘trust in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength;’ and let us remember, the *true* trust includes yielding to his power.”—

—“So they would keep a false and wrong peace and unity; and this is *out* of the *true* love. It is *this* that has suffered so much evil to grow, and caused all this trial, the last thirty years—a want of prompt and faithful acting, according to the savour of life and pointing of light received.”—

—“I cannot attribute *wicked designs* to him [J. J. G.]; but I think he never was a true Quaker; never sufficiently broken to pieces, and the old rubbish cleared off, and the stones prepared afresh *in the mount*—never really convinced, of and by the principle of Light, Life, and Truth in

the secret of the heart (our fundamental principle),—so was not qualified, nor should have dared, to have advocated our principles; but was a very sincere-hearted man in what he believed to be right, mainly Episcopalian, and truly amiable.”—

—“I write under a humbling view of my own great weakness, and need of heavenly help every hour, both to stand fast, and to come up with acceptance in the Divine sight!”

“Aberdeen, 10th mo., 22d, 1851.

“My dear friend, the true fellowship is like the healing balm and odoriferous cordial! How excellent it is, and strengthening, and reviving, and healing to the many wounds in the house of our friends, which are now our portion! And how precious to witness this true unity and love extending over the mighty deep, to distant lands! Surely it is a beam from that same blessed light and life eternal, whence flows the gospel love that ministers one unto another, whether openly and vocally or secretly and silently; a blessing to us poor mortals!”—

“Ah! my dear friend, I expect you, with us, will have to endure yet greater trials; for these are but the beginning of sorrows!”—

—“Ah! there must be a judging for the truth, and in the pure light; and ‘woe be to the fearful hearts and faint hands, and to the sinner that goeth two ways!’”—

—“I desire to be resigned to the Lord’s will, whether for life or death; and if I die, I believe I may in deep humility say, it is in the faith once and still delivered to the saints. And if yet detained here, oh! may I be preserved therein to the very end!”

"Aberdeen, 3d mo., 22d, 1852.

—“IT appears to me that the friends of truth in one country, should be open and communicative with the friends of truth in another country; seeing that they are deeply interested in the same blessed cause; and what touches *that*, seems, as it were, to touch the apple of their eye mutually. And it is strengthening and animating to commune with one another by the way, even though we be sad, and have to tell of mournful things; provided always the Divine fear be before our eyes, and our communing be in the remembrance of his good name or power. And although it be sometimes necessary to mention names in our description of what has occurred, yet I believe there will be no lessening of the true love in so doing; our love is to the person, but our controversy is with the evil which the enemy of all righteousness raiseth in him. I believe there may be a carrying of that prudence of a certain class, with you and us, beyond the limits, or to the hurting of the true love. But, perhaps, thou feelest differently; if so, do tell me, that I may be instructed.”—

“The sense of coldness, barrenness, and almost deadness, seems like a dispensation peculiarly permitted to some of us of late; and my soul is ready to say, no matter how pinching the frost, and great the darkness of the winter season, if so be the life be but preserved in the root, and the necessary purifications and humiliations accomplished.”

"Aberdeen, 2d mo., 24th, 1853.

—“AND oh! my dear friend, words fail me to set forth the fervent breathings that have been raised in me, this wintry season, for myself, and for the remnant that is left amongst us true-hearted to the ancient cause, wherever

scattered ; that the Lord may be pleased to be near, and to comfort us in all our afflictions ; to strengthen us unto all he requires at our hands ; to humble and preserve us amidst all the snares of the wicked one that may attend our path ; yea, that he would be pleased ever to keep us to and in that blessed principle of light, life, and truth, whereby and whereinto his tender mercy and his mighty power hath gathered us ; that so we may be kept his, and for him, to the end here, and may be graciously permitted to be his hereafter, to a never-ending eternity !”

—“What a time of perplexity and deception it is !—the enemy leading to a putting on the guise of an ancient Friend, and taking the words of our ancient Friends into the mouth, while out of that pure life which lived, and moved, and acted in them, and whereby alone there can be a consistent walking, and a holy quickening savour. Oh ! how humbling ! May my soul take warning, and cling the closer to the immovable Rock on which the true church is built !”—

“Aberdeen, 11th mo., 9th, 1853.

—[Alluding to J. W.’s visit to England :]—“I do trust his visit (even if commanded pretty much to ‘stand still,’ and see the working of the Divine power) will tend to knock down many prejudices, and to open the eyes of many, as well as to strengthen and comfort the rightly exercised and tribulated oppressed ones. Very many amongst us have been contenting themselves with believing the evil reports, and taking things on trust, which have come through prejudiced mediums ; and have been too ready to follow the common advice, which has been so industriously spread, ‘not to meddle with controversy.’”—

—“Ah ! never has my spirit been so *continually* lifted

up in breathings for the Lord's little ones, as of late—I may say, in earnest pleadings for them, with myself also; for surely, if the Lord help us not, whence shall we be helped? The Lord is bringing about a great work—his 'strange act,'—we may say! But I can rest in quiet hope, and trust in Him. And oh! that I may be kept as in the hollow of his holy hand, and be supported amidst all the coming shakings, and be favoured to come to the good end that crowns all, and is *peace*, is the earnest desire for myself and for my dear friends, both here and in your land, of thy nearly united and

"Affectionate friend,

"LYDIA A. BARCLAY."

"Aberdeen, 6th mo., 8th, 1854.

—"IN the second month, I was liberated, by certificate, to visit the meetings in Cumberland quarterly meeting, (which had been some years on my mind, but prevailing discouragement—had hindered me,) and was mercifully favoured, to my humbling, praiseful surprise, to get through, to my great relief and peace, after having been shut up for long."—"Ah! it was graciously permitted as a sustainer amid the roarings and plunges of the enemy, which immediately followed! And now, I may tell thee, that I feel my time is near at an end in this country; and I am looking towards Cumberland as a home, *if so permitted*, perhaps about the Tenth or Eleventh month. I feel my way is *now* shut up here. I have suffered much in the seven and half years I have lived here, and it has ground down my feeble health."—

—"I fully unite with, and felt strengthened by, thy remarks on the unfaithful drawing back of some who ought to be valiants in the Lamb's army. I believe it is because of this weakness, that things have got to the lamentable

pitch they have, in degeneracy amongst us. I wish to take blame to myself, but I think there is some little excuse for me, as my deafness is a great discourager to me."—"I think I shall ever lament two great omissions of duty, in looking back on my past life in public, viz., an omission to speak against *relations* opening their mouths (except negatively) when concerns like that of J. J. G., for America, come before us! If it had not been for —, —, —, &c., [relatives and connexions] I do not believe J. J. G. would have been liberated at that meeting in 1837! Perhaps, if I had been faithful, it might have aroused my dear brother John up to his duty, and then he would have been followed by the many more, who, *with himself*, expressed themselves against it at the next sitting, when too late! The other was, in not bearing testimony against the writing an epistle to the 'larger body,' in New England—I forget what year—but it was just when it seemed on the poise, whether to write or not! I have regretted it deeply ever since! Mayst thou learn from others' harms, my dear friend! But do not think I have *only* in these two instances been unfaithful. I fear, many, many times it has been the case. But I trust, through redeeming love and mercy, they are washed away by the blood of the dear Lamb, the light of His Holy Spirit having searched, reproved, and condemned them in judgment!"

—"I have given thee but little about the yearly meeting; but thou wilt gather that the right-minded were very dumb; their harps hung as on the willows by the rivers of Babylon!"—"Most Friends seem to think, nothing can be done for our help, but to patiently suffer in silence, and wait till way is made for us; and though we may not live to see it, it seems likely that in time we shall be mingled with the common mass of professors—and then, *must* some make a stand! It is cheering to hear of your sound Friends. May they be preserved to our help!"

"Cockermouth, 10th mo., 19th, 1854.

—“ALAS! we cannot, in this day of trouble and dismay, confess that joys abound in our cup—except, my dear friend, that Divine Goodness, at some few precious seasons, permits us to rejoice, in *hope* of the glory of God, with the feeling also, and assurance, that His power, and the power of His Christ, shall eventually reign over all for ever and ever! Which blessed hope and assurance we are enabled, as it were, to reach forth unto; though now there is a ‘need be’ to pass through much heaviness, through manifold temptations or afflictions! But oh! how sweet is that text, 2 Cor. iv. 17, [‘For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory’];—and may the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that we have suffered as long as he sees meet, make us perfect; stablish, strengthen, settle us; to whom be glory and dominion for ever and ever!”

—“I am come from one furnace of affliction to another, and there is much to dismay and afflict me! Mayst thou be helped to crave that the Lord may in mercy guide and direct me unto discretion, strengthen me unto faithfulness, and preserve me in *his holy* fear, and in deep humility before him, unto the end of my little time of suffering and of testimony-bearing, to his praise and glory, and to the peace and blessing of my never-dying soul!”

“I am much grieved to hear and see the almost universal dropping off of the plain dress and language amongst us; even among the members of the select meetings, &c. ! And if the leaders of the people cause them to err, what can we expect the flock will become?”

A few days after the date of this last letter, she was attacked with paralysis, which deprived her of the use of her left side, and for a time oppressed her mental faculties, so as to produce a frequent wandering of the intellect. This, however, after a few weeks, was greatly alleviated, so that her friends began to hope that she might be favoured to recover. She evinced a remarkable sweetness and resignation to the Divine will; and being concerned to "dwell in the secret place of the Most High," she knew an "abiding under the shadow of the Almighty;" so that she could testify, "I am often full of admiration and praise; but oh! not half so grateful as I should be!" And to a relative, who, in bidding her farewell, added, "The Lord be with thee," she replied, "He has been with me; I have had many favoured times; they have been very sweet!" At another time she said, "I have been brought very low, but Divine aid has supported me." Her remarks to those around her, were often of a deeply instructive character. Early after her partial recovery from the first attack, she wrote to a friend: "Heavenly Goodness is near, and Truth reigns over all! The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed and praised be his holy name for ever!"

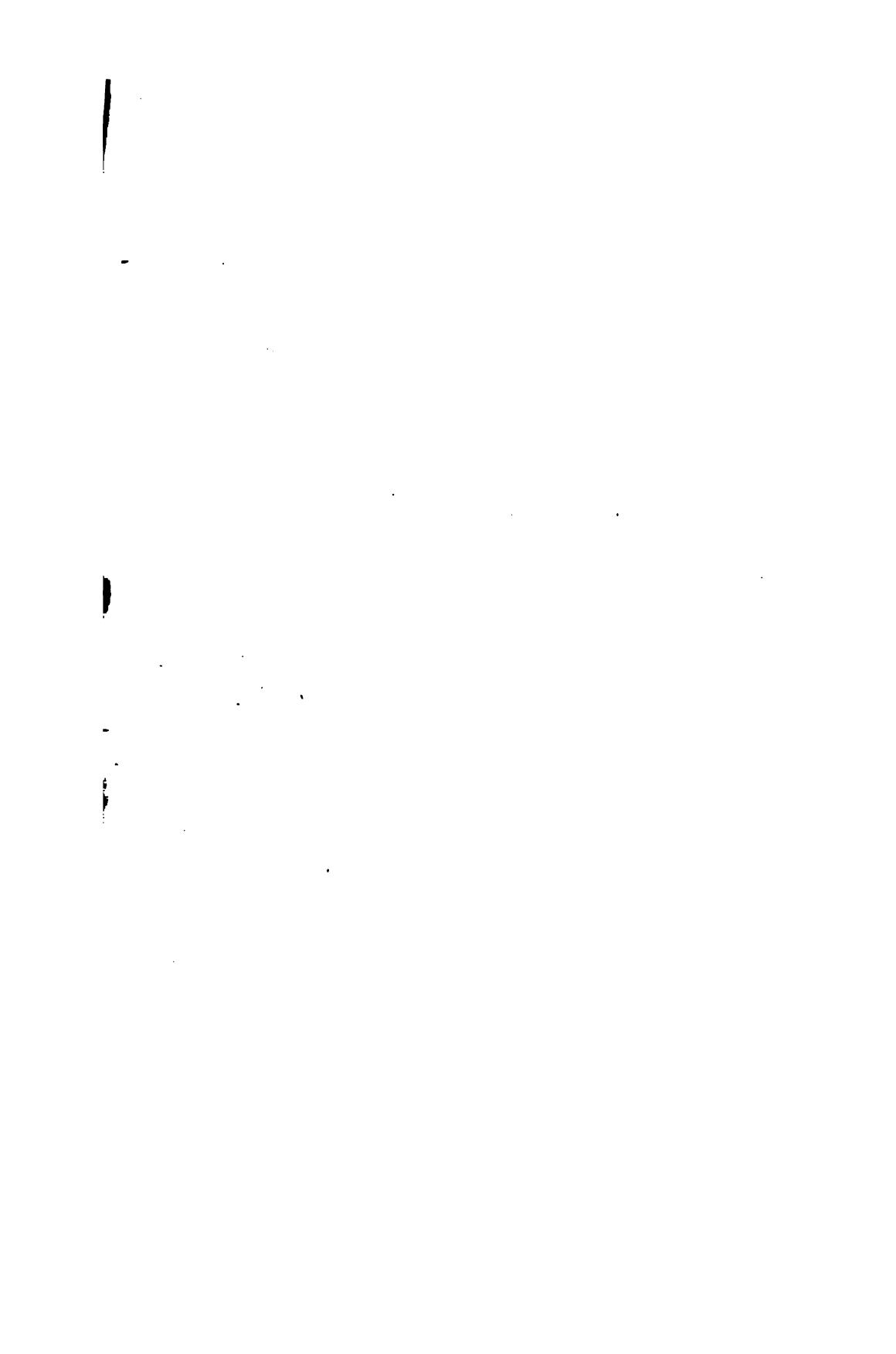
About this time, also, she was enabled to pen the following living testimony and supplication, expressive of the deep exercise of her spirit, and the ground of her faith and hope, that her building was on the Rock of Ages:—

"My mind has been so filled with these words, that I believe I must try and write them down, to the glory of God. And now, O Lord! I desire to praise, and thank, and adore thy holy name, for all thy great goodness and mercy to thy poor, weak, unworthy servant, who is truly unworthy the least of all thy tender mercies to her; especially making known and revealing thy Grace, in favouring her, with others of her family, with thy blessed 'day-spring from on high,' whereby thou

hast brought me forth out of darkness and the shadow of death, and hast in measure translated me into the kingdom of thy dear Son ; who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel ; which gospel thou hast in mercy revealed in every one of our hearts, giving us a lively hope through thy dear Son, and favouring with an humble hope of acceptance, according to thy precious grace, through Him in whom we have redemption through his blood, and forgiveness for the sins that are repented of. And now, Lord ! may it please thee so to work in and upon thy poor, unworthy child, as to bring me into an humble resignation, a true resignation and real subjection to thy mighty power and holy will in all things ; that I may, by thy goodness, be purified and prepared, through this humbling dispensation, for my awful time of translation. Oh ! so work in and upon me, as that thy life may reign and come into dominion over all, and thus I may be permitted, graciously, to obtain a glorious victory over death, hell, and the grave, through thy dear Son, my Lord and Saviour. For when thy life comes to reign over all, then thy peace and praise shall fill my soul !—peace with thee through Jesus Christ, and thy peace and love to all mankind the world over (but not to their sins). Oh ! be pleased thus to fill me with thy peace and praise, who art worthy, worthy of all praise and thanksgiving, honour, adoration, and renown, and living, living praises, not only now, but henceforth and forever more ! Amen !”

Her heart was now filled as with melody unto the Lord, the Fountain of Life ; and “ seasons of precious instruction and refreshings, and of openings of doctrines and of scriptures in the night season,” were her blessed experience. The clearness of her intellect had returned, and she had recovered the use of her left side. But the pleasing hopes of her friends were soon disappointed, and her own apprehension that her time here would not be long,

was verified, by the recurrence of paralysis on the twenty-fifth of the First month of this year (1855), which prostrated her natural powers, almost entirely deprived her of the faculty of speech, and disabled her from taking nourishment. With little, if any pain, she gradually declined until the thirty-first, when the spirit very quietly departed, doubtless into the rest prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world; there to unite with the spirits of the just made perfect, in ascribing glory and honour, thanksgiving and praise, unto the Lord God and the Lamb for evermore!



C 8341.899.25
A short memoir of Lydia Ann Barclay
Widener Library 003104193



3 2044 081 817 462

